

AT DRAWING DAWN

by Andrew "Change" Huang

at drawing dawn, i briefly sigh—
to what was once a tenant sky
of vagabonds airing new stars
and golden glow dusts sowing far.

warm eyes settle before the rise
of foreign dawn; and so i sigh—
the luscious of celestial lights
shadowy fading from my sight.

yet all, but one steadfast leo—
born from wayward milky swirls—
remains at dawn to rest my sighs,
and to call out the amber dyes.

despite the night in distant glows,
you can still lively ease my woes.
the falling streams of many byes
embrace a drawing dawn. i sigh!